

SHERIDAN'S JOKE ON GRANT.

The Only Time the Great General Found a Cigar Too Strong For Him.

They had "done" Florida—that is, as much of the Peninsular State as people generally managed to see 17 years ago—and the party, composed of General Grant, General Sheridan, their wives, two nieces of Mrs. Grant, the secretary, Mr. Byron Andrews and a solitary artist, had just voyaged down the gulf coast, stopping for an evening's "send off"—and a very lively time it was—at Key West, and now they were domiciled in Havana. Grant's perpetual cigar was a pillar of cloud early in the morning and a twinkle of fire late at night. The Cuban colony of cigar makers at Key West had stowed their staterooms full of their choicest "goods," while the famous manufacturers of Havana had all brought out special brands, sending sample hundreds to the palace for the approval of the two famous soldiers. It would have been a breach of etiquette to keep a check upon one's smoking under such tempting conditions. So the American visitors puffed away at countless incomparable cigars while the gayly clad officers of the palace household rolled their cigarettes and wondered how long the famous smoker could keep it up.

Presently there came a day when the programme included a visit to the lofty fortress of Cabanas, over the bay. The heavy state barges rowed the brilliant little party across the breezeless harbor, and, oh, it was hot! They climbed the zig-zag path which leads up to the portal cut into the grim front of the great military prison, which was even then nearly filled with prisoners of state. They were shown through courts, deep, dark passages, parades, barracks and prisons, which fill the whole vast interior of this great, gloomy, terrible place. General Pocurul, then commandant of Cabanas, paraded the troops with a fine fanfare from a bugle squad, and then lunch was served at headquarters, high up on the battlements, commanding a grand view of the city and village dotted country, which in those days presented a prosperous and beautiful appearance. General Grant saw everything and smoked on faithfully. He noted that of the hundreds of cannon planted everywhere, from the water batteries beneath the palms far below, up along the precipitous slopes to the crest of the walls of Cabanas, nearly all were of antique model and inferior caliber, practically useless in a modern demonstration, but over upon Morro's walls, half a mile away, as they were told, there were rows of big new guns, especially just to the right or eastward of the castle. And so, having shown an interest in the matter, the party must go over to Morro, traversing covered ways and long open spaces in the noonday heat. All might have gone well, however, but unhappily Grant ran out of cigars. He searched despairingly through his sundry pockets, but, alas, all in vain. Then came Sheridan's opportunity, the chance he had been waiting for after a long and varied experience of Grant's marked fondness for telling army yarns at his expense. He had a cigar. It was not particularly large or obtrusive, just a regular Al Havana, but, oh, it was black and rich and wicked looking! Sheridan had been shown through a tobacco factory the previous day. While he waited this cigar was made for him, and he put it away carefully and smiled a contented little smile.

So General Grant, with a deep, happy sigh of relief, touched a match to General Sheridan's cigar, and Sheridan—he lagged and gyrated like a bad little boy who has put a tack on his teacher's chair. It took a little time for the strongest cigar ever made in Cuba to get in its deadly work upon a well seasoned old smoker like Grant, and Sheridan began to grow despondent, but joy once more suffused his rugged yet rubicund features as he saw his old commander with a pallid face talking hurriedly with the interpreter, a funny mixture of English and West Point Spanish, and a moment later he collapsed in the shade of a wall. There was instant alarm among all who gathered around, and even the jolly Sheridan got a bit rattled at his own success, but he only winked solemnly at the secretary and said: "Tell 'em to keep quiet and give him air. He'll be all right in five minutes. I thought it would fetch him."

Grant was indeed all right as soon as he got up among the jumble of defenses at the top of Morro castle, where the cool sea winds blew some of that nicotine out of his lungs, and he gazed at Sheridan with a deep indigo look of suspicion, but he smoked no more until the next morning.—New York Sun.

Without Hesitation.

"My wife has a mania for bargains."

"Yes!"

"But when she asks me for \$1 she won't take 99 cents."—Chicago Record.

A MUSICAL FIASCO.

The First Performance of Rossini's Opera "The Barber of Seville."

"The eventful first night arrived at last, and throughout my artistic career I have never experienced a more stormy evening. It was not the hostile party alone, but a whole series of mishaps which contributed to the great fiasco of my opera. The overture was completely drowned, as well as the first chorus, by the hissing and whistling of the public. At this act of injustice Garcia, beside himself with anger, grew so excited that he broke several strings of his guitar while accompanying the serenade. This caused such a disturbance that nothing more of the music could be heard. Poor Basilio, a debutant, became so alarmed at the uproar that he trod on his long cloak and fell flat on the stage. When he got up, his nose was bleeding so profusely that it was some minutes before he was able to sing. The noise then grew terrific. Finally, just as the public was quieting down, a cat suddenly appeared on the stage, and was only driven off again with much trouble and loss of time. Thus was the unfortunate evening brought to a climax. The curtain fell and the performance was stopped.

"Although it was a failure, I was none the less calm and satisfied, for I had the conviction that I had worked conscientiously, and I recognized the injustice of an audience which, in its blind prejudice, had not listened to a single bar of my music. It is the custom in Italy for every composer to conduct his opera for the first three nights, but the next morning I begged the manager to release me from this obligation, and he very gladly granted my request.

"Soon after this unfortunate performance, however, a reaction set in among the frequenters of the opera, some praising the overture, others remembering the melody of the first finale, others again thinking the air of Figaro original, and so forth. This was sufficient to induce the greater part of the public to give some attention to the second performance. This time I remained at home alone, trying to write and to read, but could not collect my thoughts. I then took my watch in my hand, and mentally sang the overture and right through the first act. Suddenly I was seized with an uncontrollable curiosity. I wanted to know what reception my music was meeting with on this second hearing, and resolved to go to the theater, when an extraordinary noise called me to the window. There I saw thousands of people, with torches in their hands, coming toward my house, and before I had realized what was happening I had been carried in triumph to the theater, amid the enthusiastic cries of 'E viva Rossini!' I had had no time to exchange my dressing gown for a coat, and thus was obliged to conduct the 'Barbieri' from the beginning of the second act. The audience that had been so antagonistic on the previous occasion now became wildly enthusiastic, and at the end of the performance carried me home in triumph. Such was the baptism of my 'Barbieri.'"—Marchesi and Musio.

A Smart Actor.

A German dramatic author tells a good story of an improvised monologue to which he had to listen on the occasion of the first production of a new comedy. The hero had finished a tolerably long speech, and at that precise moment a medical man ought to have emerged from the wings, but he did not emerge. "Ah, here comes the doctor!" began the hero afresh, in order to fill up the time, and he stared anxiously in the direction of the "prompt" side of the stage.

"But how slowly he walks! One would imagine that there was no need for hurry. Now he has positively stopped to talk to a lady! What can he have to say to her! At last he is once more on his way. No—now he has stopped to talk to a man. Why, the doctor knows everybody! Here he comes again. Thank heaven!"

At that moment the doctor entered, but from the opposite side. For an instant the hero was taken a little aback, but with admirable coolness he recovered himself, and as he greeted the visitor he exclaimed:

"How did you get round the corner so quickly, doctor?"—Nuggets.

Will Age Rapidly.

Jean—My house is to be an exact counterpart of the old chateau that I saw in Normandy.

Lisette—Ah, but it will lack the mellowing effect of age.

Jean—But a gentleman with nine children is going to lease it for two years before I move in.—London Fun.

He Witted.

Mr. Dolley—Do you suppose that there is such a thing as a woman hater?

Miss Flypp—Yes, I am a woman and I hate you.—Harlem Life.

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One person in every four has some form of rectal trouble. Remedies will relieve are plenty, but there is one remedy only that radically cures the most stubborn cases. Tabler's Buckeye File Ointment cures piles, no matter how old or serious the case may be. No pain, no operation, no loss of time and but trifling expense. If your case is serious you must choose between surgery and Buckeye File Ointment. The latter is the surest. Price, in bottles, 50 cents in tubes, 75 cents. Sold by Coleman and Lynn, Red Front Drug Store.

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL.

Cures catarrh, neuralgia, headache, cramp colic and diarrhoea. Failing, money refunded.

We are anxious to build up Western Texas, and commencing at once and continuing until April 30 we will sell to all comers from Fort Worth and stations east, including Alexandria, La., round trip tickets to Abilene, Pecos and stations intermediate, and to Eddy and Roswell, New Mexico, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip; tickets good thirty days from date of sale. This will be the best time of the year to see Western Texas and you ought to take advantage of the opportunity. See nearest ticket agent for further information, or address E. P. Turner, general passenger agent T. & P. R'y, Dallas, Tex.

WARNING ORDER.

In the United States court in the Indian Territory, Southern District: Mary A. Copeland, plaintiff,

vs.

L. A. Copeland, defendant.

The defendant, L. A. Copeland, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Mary A. Copeland.

Witness the Hon. Hosea Townsend, judge of the said day of January, 1898.

C. M. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

Cruce, Cruce & Cruce, attorneys for plaintiff.

Volney Johnson, attorney for non-resident.

feb14

REGISTERED JERSEY BULL

Chickasaw Bert,

No. 50496, will make the season of 1898 at my barn on North Cad-do street. Service fee, \$5; money due when cow is served, allowing usual return privilege.

H. D. HUBBARD.

WARNING ORDER.

In the United States Commissioner's Court in the Indian Territory, Southern District: Kirkpatrick, Allen & Co., plaintiffs,

vs.

J. A. Truelove, defendant.

The defendant, J. A. Truelove, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Kirkpatrick, Allen & Co.

Witness my hand this 14th day of February, 1898.

S. B. BRADFORD, U. S. Com.

Kendrick & Graham, Attorneys.

M. L. Crawford, Attorney for non-resident.

feb14

WARNING ORDER.

In the United States court in the Indian Territory, Southern district: G. A. Craig, plaintiff,

vs.

J. C. Craig, defendant.

The defendant, J. C. Craig, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, G. A. Craig.

Witness the Hon. Hosea Townsend, judge of said court, and the seal thereof, this 14th day of February, 1898.

C. M. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

Treadwell & Lucas, attorneys.

R. E. Lee, attorney for non-resident.

feb14

WARNING ORDER.

In the United States Court in the Indian Territory, Southern District: J. W. Ragland, plaintiff,

vs.

Mollie Ragland, defendant.

The defendant, Mollie Ragland, is warned to appear in this court in thirty days and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, J. W. Ragland.

Witness the Hon. Hosea Townsend, judge of said court, and the seal thereof, this 14th day of February, 1898.

(SEAL) C. M. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

Treadwell & Lucas, Attorneys.

R. E. Lee, Attorney for non-resident.

feb14

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